

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra.)
Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 49.—VOL. XXX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

Price Fourpence:
Stamped Fivepence.

MENDELSSOHN AND LEIPSIC.

THE subjoined communication embodies a question which deserves an answer:—

"A subscriber to the MUSICAL WORLD would feel obliged to the author of the article announcing Formes's arrival at Leipsic, for an explanation of what he means by the denomination of *musical Jesuits*, which he so liberally applies to the musical public of that town?"

"November 29th."

The answer is short, and may take the form of a question, addressed to the Leipsic musical public, Schumannites, Wagnerites, and all:—*Where are the manuscript compositions of Mendelssohn, and why are they not given to the world?*

It is not merely to MM. Moscheles, Rietz, David, and Hauptmann, to whom the honourable charge of preparing them for publication was committed, but to Leipsic, which, through the influence of Mendelssohn's genius and Mendelssohn's presence, became one of the most famous among the musical cities of Europe, that this question is addressed. To Leipsic we look for a reply—to Leipsic, indeed, the whole world looks for a reply. What Mendelssohn has left behind him is the property of the world, and if the four gentlemen professors to whom the manuscripts are confided have neither time nor inclination to put them in order, they should state so publicly, and resign their trust to others more zealous, if not more competent than themselves. Mendelssohn's name may be more or less esteemed in Leipsic; that is no business of ours; here and in other parts of Europe it is venerated; and whatever he has left which can tend to throw a light on the growth of his genius up to the marvellous perfection it attained, is inestimably precious. All his manuscripts should be published. Early works, or mature works, it matters not which; they should all be given to the world, with, whenever that is possible, the dates of their production.

For any junta of professors to take upon themselves the responsibility of deciding that such and such works should not be issued to the world, arrogates an amount of presumption which surpasses credit. It is of little consequence that obscure critics, now that the great man is dead, should strive to rob him of his glory, should attempt to snatch his laurels from him and place them on the brow of another. Happily the reputation of such a man is a bulwark, against which their puny missiles are hurled in vain. The "living ass and the dead lion" may be acted over again, for the special edification of a narrow circle; the farce goes on unobserved by the world at large. The fact, however, of four respectable musicians

like MM. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Rietz, and David, lending themselves, through a sort of egotistical timidity, to the designs of such an insignificant *coterie*, is of graver importance. To themselves it is of eminent consequence; since if, in the sequel, Mendelssohn's compositions be stowed away, to be used for ulterior purposes, they will have to answer for it to the world.

The catalogue exists, and has been seen by numbers of persons, to whom all that relates to the greatest musician of his time possesses an uncommon interest. Whatever, therefore, is burked, will be inquired after. The catalogue exists; and from the extreme care with which it was drawn out, by Mendelssohn himself, some notion may be obtained of what importance he himself attached to all and every one of his writings. The catalogue exists. Remember that, MM. Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, and Rietz—remember that, and ponder on the consequences.

The book of *Christus*, as well as the entire sketch of the musical score, must be printed. How else can the world be satisfied that some one may not avail himself of both. It is well known that Mendelssohn constructed his own books; and how admirably has been seen in *Elijah*. A good book might save bad music from failure. M. Scribe is aware of that. *Loreley*, too, and its *libretto*, must be given *entire*. The world will not be content with one piece of it, but will demand the others at the hands of MM. Hauptmann, Rietz, David, and Moscheles, finished or unfinished. How else can the world be satisfied that some other composer may not avail himself of both libretto and musical ideas. We have heard it rumoured that the book of *Christus* is to be consigned to Herr Robert Schumann, and the poem of *Loreley* to Herr Flotow. We utterly disbelieve this; but the world will believe it, and twenty other rumours, until the whole of Mendelssohn's remains have been published—the whole of them, we repeat, without a single exception. Not a fragment, not a bar, should be suppressed.

Mrs. Shelley, wife of the poet, in the complete edition of her husband's poetical works, explains the retention of certain passages in *Queen Mab*, which she probably at one time thought of suppressing, as follows:—

"In the former edition certain portions were left out." . . . "I myself had a painful feeling that such erasures might be looked upon as a mark of disrespect to the author, and am glad to have the opportunity of restoring them. The notes are also printed entire; not because they are models of reasoning, but because Shelley wrote them, and that all that a man, at once so distinguished and excellent, ever did deserves to be preserved. The alterations his opinions underwent ought to be recorded; for they form his history."

If the mere biography of a great man is interesting, because it gives the personal history of one who has accomplished great things, and thus benefitted the whole world, how much more interesting must be all that can lead to a regular account of the manner whereby the genius and talent, which rendered possible the accomplishment of these great things, were formed, nurtured, and conducted to their highest point of development. What Mrs. Shelley says, with the alteration of a very few words, would apply just as well to Mendelssohn. When a great man dies, whatever is left of him, apart from its mere convertibility in a commercial sense, belongs undoubtedly to the world. Who is to assume to himself a prerogative which only Mendelssohn possessed while living, now that Mendelssohn is dead—the prerogative of passing judgment on Mendelssohn's works, in so far as their publication is concerned? Who does assume it must believe himself Mendelssohn's equal. We appeal to MM. Rietz, Moscheles, Hauptmann, and David—we appeal to them all, and severally; does any one of them believe himself to be Mendelssohn's equal? It is superfluous to say that, even if he does, the world will have no share in his belief. This is not a question of criticism. Everybody and anybody has a perfect and unquestionable right to criticise the works of anybody and everybody. Let Mendelssohn's works be published, and Herr Schumann may say what he pleases about them, *viva voce*, or in his printed organs. He will, of course, leave others the option of agreeing or dissenting, and of showing him, by his own words, to be either a good critic or a bad one. The argument about "early works," and all that, is the silliest of all, and more especially silly proceeding as it does from men whose ripest effusions do not approach, within a hundred degrees, the very earliest of Mendelssohn. It is really amusing to consider what line of argument can possibly defend or excuse the suppression of the *Reformation Symphony* (the real No. 3), when the last quartets of Herr Schumann are given to the world, without ceremony; when Herr Rietz has published overtures, Herr Hauptmann duets for flute and piano, and Herr David is about to regale the public with an opera. *Apropos* of operas—our readers will not be sorry to learn that two other comic operettas of Mendelssohn exist, of the same calibre, and—there is little doubt, since he took so much pains with all his works—of the same excellence, as *Son and Stranger*.

Let us hope we shall hear no more of this nonsense, but that, as men of heart and courage, as musicians sincere in their love of art, and, last not least, as friends of Mendelssohn, MM. David, Hauptmann, Rietz, and Moscheles will at once, without truckling to any influence of clique—whether exercised through the medium of the press, or that of the petty (coat), trumpery, "jesuitical" COTERIES of Leipsic—proceed to the ample and honourable discharge of a trust, the mere fact of which having been confided to them will preserve three of their names from oblivion, and confer still more eminence on the fourth.

We have much more to say on this subject, which we must

defer for the present. Meanwhile we should like some information about the MENDELSSOHN TESTIMONIAL, and Jenny Lind's eleven hundred pounds.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE past week has equalled any of the preceding of the season in attraction. On Monday, especially, an immense multitude assembled, but so orderly were the crowd and so attentive the police, that no disturbance took place, nor was the slightest interruption given to any piece in the programme.

The principal item of the week has been the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was introduced on Tuesday, and received with thunders of applause. The chief classic *morceaux* have been andantes from Beethoven's Symphony in D, Mendelssohn's in A major, and Haydn's Surprise Symphony.

The novelties have been a new Polka, called "The Malachite," and a new Valse, entitled "La Jealousie." The first is by Küchler, and is animated and effective; the last is by Koenig, and is worthy of the great Cornet-a-pistoniast, as a composer. Both were received with distinguished favor.

On Monday and Tuesday nights the selections from *Pietro il Grande* were given, and on Tuesday night was introduced for the first time the Canto Fermo, from the last act of the same opera, with full chorus.

One of the most favourite pieces of the season has proved to be the "Valse Hollandaise" from *Pietro il Grande*, in which the Choir take part with excellent effect.

Mademoiselle Anna Zerr adheres closely to her two popularities, the grand aria from the *Zauberflöte*, and Charles Haass' Tyrolienne, in both of which she never fails to create a furor. On Wednesday, she gave the great scena from *Der Freischütz* with immense effect, which she repeated the following nights.

Besides the selection from *Pietro il Grande*, the fantasias on the *Huguenots* and *Roberto il Diavolo* have been given, and the quadrilles have included the "Great Exhibition," "The British," "The Army," "Faust," (first performed on Thursday night), and "Pietro il Grande;" the last has been played every night during the week.

Thus saith our weekly chronicle anent the Jullien Concerts, for the week ending Thursday, December 2nd.

HELLMESBERGER.

The premature death of this young composer, just entering his twenty-third year of age, has cast a gloom over the musical world, in Hanover, where he had just been appointed kapellmeister. Our readers may probably recollect the brothers Hellmesberger, five years ago, who performed together on the violin, at several concerts, engaged expressly by the director of the Musical Union to visit England for the first time. Joseph, the elder, excelled as a violinist, and is now in Vienna, professor and a director of the Conservatoire. The deceased brother, chiefly devoted himself to composition. An opera composed by the younger Hellmesberger was brought out in Hanover, a year ago, with great success, and his ap-

pointment as joint-kapellmeister with Marschner was the merited reward of his triumph. Marschner afterwards resigned the appointment, and the deceased Hellmesberger was his successor. This young composer was the victim of a pulmonary disease, which baffled all medical skill to arrest its destructive and rapid progress. After a month's painful struggle the blighted hopes of his parents and admirers were suddenly destroyed by the stroke of death, which robbed the muse of a gifted and most promising disciple. Few of his compositions are known in England, but they consist of a great variety of operatic and instrumental works, strewed with fanciful and elegant ideas, harmonized and scored with the skill of an accomplished musician.

The brothers Hellmesberger and Joachim were contemporaries, in the Conservatoire at Vienna, when perhaps no other school in Europe could boast of so much genius, at one time, receiving instruction. The father of the deceased still retains his time-honoured place as leader of the band at the Kärthenathor Opera-house, in the imperial city.

SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATORY OF PARIS.

I MUST now add a few words on the *Pensionnat*. I use this term, because it has no synonym in English. The *Pensionnat* is not a boarding-school. It is used here to mean that part of the Conservatory in which the male singers, twelve or fifteen in number, are supported and instructed *gratuitously*. It is of them I shall speak, whenever I mention the male singers in this narrative. No other male members of the classes of singing are allowed to reside in the establishment. They are severely confined, and never permitted to go out and wander about the streets, without a written permission from the director. They are subject to a rigorous discipline, the violation of which is followed by the exclusion of the transgressor. They are only allowed to take a walk on Sunday. Formerly, female subjects were received in the *Pensionnat*; but some abuses and reasons of morality have induced the Government to suppress the female branch, and girls are now admitted into the classes of singing, as day-scholars only.

I have now given all the details concerning the Conservatory that will interest the general reader, and it only remains for me, in conclusion, to say a few words about the great man who stamped his name in the National Conservatory of France: that man is Cherubini.

I do not intend to write Cherubini's biography; that has already been done by able hands. I need not speak of his mighty genius; that is universally acknowledged. He has no rival in the art of fugue; on the sacred harp he is equal to Mozart, and has left Haydn far behind him. My design here is to speak of the man, and the reader will doubtless be pleased with some particulars concerning him, which I gathered in my social intercourse in Paris, from friends who are artists, and some of whom are Cherubini's relations.

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employments in disgust. After a while, it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But, learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Lesueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor), unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which, he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Lesueur and Cherubini should share the charge,

of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honourable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in *earnest*, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de présence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning, he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to despatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncoveryed, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of one of his own scores, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favourite employment in moments of leisure, was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper to the place with such skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this, it is a mere *devergondage*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau discorde est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz,—he had the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers; "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr.

Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his master-pieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they are admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which clerical authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Due de Berry; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was generally pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistic career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.

REVIVAL OF VANDALISM AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

(From the *Times*.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows."—

Sir,—The accumulated and incontrovertible evidence of the scandalous mismanagement of the National Gallery, published in *The Times* and other journals, had led the more sanguine friends of art to hope that, whatever other abuses might yet remain to neutralize the beneficial influence of that institution, the nation would be spared at least the disgrace of a revival of the Vandalism of 1846. For my own part, when, upon Sir C. Eastlake's resignation of the keepership, I saw another Royal Academician, the most notorious of his abettors, succeed to the vacated office under the selfsame party who had sanctioned those Vandals, I anticipated not only every conceivable folly in future purchases and other transactions of the gallery, but also the fate of the pictures as yet undefiled, whenever it should be accounted safe to issue the dread fiat to "restore" them. Nor have my anticipations been belied.

After an interval of five years, occasionally enlivened by the acquisition of a beggarly work at a princely and unnecessarily exorbitant price, as the undoubted libel on Titian called "The Tribune Money," rejected by the trustees in 1851 at £1,200, but happily secured to us in 1852 for more than twice that sum, to say nothing of a daub bought in 1852, at M. Collot's sale in Paris, for 6,000 francs, as a "Giorgione," but buried as too bad

even for an Academician to hang;* nine other pictures have been pronounced upon as fitting objects for Academic vengeance. All have been irreparably and extensively injured; but some so mauld, that indignation is, at first sight, overwhelmed by astonishment at such egregious instances of imbecility and perverseness.

The pictures alluded to are three Claudes,—namely, "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," and "A Landscape with Figures;" "The Consecration of St. Nicholas," by Paul Veronese; two Canalettos, "A View in Venice," and "View on the Grand Canal;" "Angels weeping over the Body of Christ," by Guercino; "The Plague at Ashdod," by Nicholas Poussin; and "The Conversion of St. Bayon," "by authority" a Rubens.

I might detail each enormity of the Academic scavengers—I might show how masterpieces of art, but a few short weeks ago stamped with the virility of genius and conspicuous for transparency and harmony, have been shorn of their splendour and reduced to emasculated, filmy, and discordant wrecks; but I will confine myself at present to a few remarks that will give every one not wilfully blind some idea of the official comprehensiveness of the term "dirt."

The words "La Reine de Saba va trouver Solomon," written by Claude himself, on the quay to the right of the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," were distinctly legible previous to the last vacation. For this we have the authority of the official catalogue; and I can, for once, testify to its accuracy. Some of these words are now utterly illegible. The unmeaning scratches left to indicate where they were mark the audacity, not the forbearance, of the operators. The same may be said of the "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca." In the Guercino, the lower portion of the outline of the angel's face in the centre of the picture is all but rubbed out, so that face and neck, until lately relieved from each other, are now confounded in one unintelligible mass. "The View in Venice," by Canaletto, scoured into a jumble of near and remote objects offensively huddled together on the same plane, suggests, by the excessive rawness and spottiness of many equally white objects, a bad representation of a snow scene. In the "St. Bayon" the features, modelled in transparent colour in the final process of the work, have been almost effaced from some of the heads, which now look like repulsive excrescences of badly imitated or diseased flesh. "The Plague at Ashdod" has fared little better. So violently have some of these pictures been scouring, that scumblings of their own body pigment are perceptible on their surfaces.

The subaltern delinquents—the mere manipulators—are unknown to me; but it is not upon them that the responsibility rests. The ringleaders of this razzia are Mr. William Russell, accountant-general, a trustee, that "eminent artist" Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., a trustee *ex officio* and ex-keeper; and the equally "eminent" Mr. Thomas Uwins, R.A., keeper.

That reconciler of "magnificent impossibilities," the transcendental Ruskins, "a graduate of Oxford," may again "grant" (*Times*, January 7, 1847) that the pictures may have had their upper glazings, their chief charm, removed, and then vouchsafe to "think" that the "discipline of the illuminatory process which leaves them so precious in lustre is, in this instance, hardly to be regretted." Other sycophants of trustees and Academicians may assure us that the pictures are not injured, and then (irresistible logic!) that they will "recover in time;" and the gutters of Wardour-street may be dragged for "experienced dealers" to "fortify" the opinion of "eminent artists," as "ow the sperts wot was used wasn't any too strong;" but I trust that a question upon which hangs the very fate of art in this country will be decided according to evidence of a far less suspicious character, and that before a farthing of the public revenue is voted for the threatened "comprehensive scheme for the advancement of art" an investigation will be made into the administration of the National Gallery that will probe it to the very core.

In the meantime, I appeal to every friend of art alive to the honour of the country to come forward manfully in his own name, and prove to the world, by an indignant protest against the Van-

* It is currently reported that this scrupulously-concealed "gem" now adorns the closet of one of the trustees, who has taken it to save the "credit of the board."

dalists I have denounced, that, although we have not as yet had the wit to produce a great school of art, there are, nevertheless, those among us who will not tamely submit to be branded as unworthy to possess the noble monuments of art our commercial enterprise has enabled us to collect.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

MORRIS MOOR.

27, Soho square, Nov. 25.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir.—The work of desecration has recommenced in the National Gallery. Among the works selected for the purpose of cleaning during the last recess were three of the pictures of Claude. No. 12, "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca;" No. 61, "The Annunciation;" and No. 14, "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." All these works have suffered deplorably, but it is to the last-mentioned that I wish to draw particular attention. No one familiar with the National Gallery need be reminded of the excellencies of this glorious picture; it was, indeed, one of the finest in the world, and pre-eminent in beauty even among the works of Claude himself. All who are interested in art will hear with dismay and astonishment that this splendid production has been utterly ruined! Its whole surface has been washed away, and consequently, its brilliancy, depth, and tone, the inimitable beauty of its atmospheric effect, its warmth and harmony, have disappeared for ever, and what is most extraordinary, this picture was in the best possible preservation, and no pretext or excuse of any kind whatever existed for consigning it to the hands of the cleaner. Those who distrust their own judgments have only to turn to another performance of Claude's, No. 30, "The Embarkation of St. Ursula." In that picture, which hangs opposite the one in question, and which is happily yet untouched, they will see a work glowing with every imaginable beauty of colour and effect. The one so miserably defaced was painted exactly in the same key; the merits of the two pictures were precisely similar, and they hung as worthy companions to each other; and now what is the condition of the maltreated picture? It is reduced to the appearance of a water-colour drawing of the weakest class, or of a thing done in fresco or encaustic; and as certainly as truth is truth, the other picture—nay the whole collection, if steps are not taken to stop these proceedings—will, in due time, share the same fate. The little gem of Claude's called "The Annunciation," presented by Sir George Beaumont, has been equally robbed of its lustre; and Rubens' superb sketch of "St. Bavon," No. 87, has been converted into an accumulation of white and livid spots, though not quite in so flagrant a degree as its unhappy neighbour, the "Peace and War," of Rubens, disfigured on a former occasion. That such things can be perpetrated in the face of a civilized community would seem absolutely incredible, and, when we recollect the outcry of indignation which has already been raised on the occurrence of similar transactions in the National Gallery, we cannot but be amazed at the callous effrontery and deliberate defiance of public opinion manifested in the present instance; and now, what is to be done? Is there no redress—no court of appeal? Can the directors be cognizant of these transactions, and will Parliament be indifferent to the subject? Let us hope not, especially as in Her Majesty's speech the attention of the Legislature has been particularly directed to the interests of the fine arts. The public surely will not be left to look on in hopeless acquiescence, and see the great works of departed geniuses (which once destroyed can never be replaced), to say nothing of the national property, sacrificed in this ruthless manner by the vitiated tastes or downright ignorance of a few blundering officials. If so, better far it were that, instead of building a new National Gallery, we should shut up the existing one, and sell the pictures by auction to those who know how to take care of them. We should be far less dishonoured in doing so than in permitting the continuance of a system through which the consignment of fine works of art to our keeping is like sending sheep to the shambles, and by which a National Gallery must become a national disgrace.

AN ARTIST.

Foreign.

WEIMAR.—The success of Hector Berlioz here has been remarkable. His opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, which the musical public of Paris failed to understand, has been fully appreciated at this artistic capital. Berlioz was present at the two first representations of his work. The execution, on the whole, was admirable. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has conferred upon Berlioz the decoration of the White Falcon. The artists presented him with a silver baton, and combined with a large body of amateurs gave him a grand dinner in the Hotel de Ville. The dinner was followed by a ball. The cantata of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed entire, with the most complete success. Berlioz was summoned forward at the end, loudly applauded by the audience, and complimented by the Grand Duke and the Princesses of Prussia. It has been mentioned that one or two of the Leipzig, critics who abuse every composer except Robert Schumann, came to Weimar for the purpose of anathematizing Berlioz, but went away entirely converted by *Benvenuto Cellini*.

BREMEN.—Our readers will hear with pleasure that Mr. Hamilton Braham has been singing at the theatre here with distinguished success. The papers praise highly both his voice and talent. A correspondent of the *Hamburger Theatrical-Chronik* says, in his *résumé* of musical doings at Bremen:— "Herr Braham hat auch eine schöne Bass-stimme, gefiel als Bertram, doch mehr noch in eigentlichen Buffo-Partien." We trust our young countryman will continue to do honour to the eminent name he bears.

PARIS.—At the Italiens, Rossini's *Otello* has been followed by Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The Amina was Mdlle. Bertramelli (alias Mdlle. Bertrandi). Her success was fair, and many parts of her performance meritorious. Calzolari and Belletti were the Elvino and Rodolfo. Meanwhile the star of Verdi is once more rising, and the editors are in ecstasies. *Luisa Miller* is in preparation for Sophie Crivelli, whose unrivalled talents are now no longer disputed. The incomparable Vivier has returned from Constantinople, in good health and spirits, more spiritual and fascinating than ever.

STOCKHOLM.—Mdlle. Normani, a young English *prima donna*, to whose continental career we have more than once alluded, has created a great sensation here as *Fides*, in the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer. So great has been her success with the public, that every place in the theatre was secured for ten nights in advance.

BARCELONA.—Mad. Jullienne has completely won the suffrages of the Barcelonesque public. Her success augments nightly. Her *Louisa Miller*, in Verdi's *Opera* so called, the reception of which has already been recorded, was followed by Linda in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. Her performance of this character is warmly praised by the Barcelona journals. *Las Cartas al Pùblico* speaks in the following terms:—

"La señora Julien estuvo sin rival, no hay que de cir esto: sólo otro canto bien, porque en todo estuvo lo mismo: inimitable; y por esto cayeron á sus pies profusión de ramos de flores, una hermosa corona, y soltadas multitud de palomas; bien por cierte del público de Barcelona siempre ha premiado los artistas que poseen talento se han hecho dignos de su aprecio, recibe aquella sencilla corona, como un tributo á su mérito, que le dedican sus muchos apasionados, y no olvide cuando pierda de vista nuestra ciudad, que aquí deja el recuerdo de su nombre impreso en la memoria de los que han tenido ocasión de oírla y admirarla."

The Barcelonesque are very enthusiastic; and after the opera had finished (a private letter informs us) more than a hundred bouquets, together with coronals, *colombes*,

&c., were dedicated to the fair cantatrice by the audience—fair in another sense; since Linda, Mad. Julianne, has sung in the third and fourth acts of *Les Martyrs*. A new opera, the book by Felice Romani, the music by Vicenzo Bonetti, entitled *Jane Shore*, is in preparation; much is expected from the known talent of the composer.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24.

LUMLEY v. GYE.

Mr. Hoggins (with whom was Mr. Bayley) showed cause against a rule which had been obtained by the defendant under the Common Law Procedure Act, for leave to demur to the declaration, and also to plead several matters simultaneously. The declaration alleged that, after the plaintiff had entered into a contract with Miss Wagner to sing for two months at Her Majesty's Theatre, the defendant wrongfully, with notice of the premises, entered into another contract with Miss Wagner to sing during those two months at the Royal Italian Opera, and that he afterwards aided and enticed that lady not to sing at the plaintiff's house, though he, the plaintiff, was willing that she should do so. To this the defendant proposed to demur, and also to plead—1st, not guilty; 2ndly, a traverse of the plaintiff's contract being then in force when the defendant's was made; 3rdly, a traverse of the defendant's knowledge that the plaintiff's contract was in force; and, 4thly, a traverse of the allegation that Miss Wagner was hindered from singing for the plaintiff by the acts of the defendant. It was submitted that the defendant ought not to be allowed to take the course proposed by this rule. It appeared that the question of the existence and validity of the plaintiff's contract with Miss Wagner had been discussed in the proceedings in Chancery, where it was finally decided in favour of the plaintiff, and a decree pronounced, to which the defendant submitted. The traverses to be raised by these pleas were substantially gone into on that occasion, and the defendant ought not now to be allowed here to dispute it again.

Mr. Baron Platt.—Can the decree of a court of equity deprive the defendant of his right to take the opinion of a jury on the fact or of a court of error?

Mr. Hoggins.—The defendant elected to be bound by that decision, as appears by the decree itself, which establishes the validity of the plaintiff's contract.

The Chief Baron.—That is, it proceeds on that assumption; but we may go further, and assume an appeal to the House of Lords, and judgment thereon for the plaintiff, and still that would not affect the defendant's right to traverse the allegations in this declaration, and to demur to it.

Mr. Baron Parke.—This is an action for damages for a bygone time. The defendant cannot be prevented by that decree from disputing this action.

Mr. Hoggins.—The action is double. We say he wrongfully entered into the contract with Miss Wagner, and that he afterwards—that is, after the decree affirming our contract and annulling his—he aided and enticed Miss Wagner not to sing at our house.

Mr. Baron Parke.—Then it is an action in part for disobeying the injunction. That is no reason for refusing the rule as far as the demurrer goes.

The Chief Baron.—I am not sure whether this is not the very sort of case which the recent act was meant to meet.

Mr. Hoggins would bow to the decision of the Court as far as the demurrer went; but strongly denied the right of the defendant to plead as proposed concurrently with that step.

Mr. Baron Platt.—Does the defendant pledge his conscience to the truth of his denial in those pleas?

Mr. Hoggins.—I should say "No," to that question; but my friend will, no doubt, say "Yes." As to the plea of not guilty, I say his affidavit is far from satisfactory. He does not venture to swear that that plea is true; but says he can't do so, because he is advised that it is uncertain how much of the declaration is put in issue by it, and adds, that he can swear he was not guilty of having wronged the plaintiff, or any one, in his negotiations with Miss Wagner. Then as to the second plea, he swears he did not

know the plaintiff's contract was in force when he entered into his; but we swear that when we entered into our contract, in November we informed him of it; and that he afterwards made his with Miss Wagner in April.

Mr. Baron Parke.—If that be so, you will have a good answer to that plea, no doubt, Mr. Hoggins; but the plea is bad, as professing to answer the whole declaration, while it only, in fact, answers part.

Mr. Baron Martin.—It is quite new practice to me to discuss on such a rule the goodness in law of the proposed pleas.

Mr. Hoggins then submitted that, at all events, the fourth plea ought to be rejected, as being the general issue over again.

Mr. Creasy (with whom was Mr. Willes), when called on to support this plea, said that it was necessary, because the effect of the plea of the general issue was not clear, and the defendant did not wish to be made answerable for the conduct of Miss Wagner; and yet he might be told, if he sought at the trial to prove that she of her own accord refused to perform her contract with the plaintiff because, as she had already sworn, she believed he had not paid his engagements of the last season, the plaintiff might turn round and say that offence did not arise under the plea of not guilty. He would therefore consent to the rejection of that fourth plea, on the understanding that the plaintiff would not raise any such objection at the trial.

Mr. Baron Parke.—You propose to cover the allegation that you indemnified Miss Wagner by your plea of not guilty.

Mr. Creasy.—Yes, we do.

Mr. Baron Parke.—Well, I think the plea of not guilty covers the fourth plea also.

The Chief Baron.—Mr. Hoggins, don't you think you had better consent to the proposal of Mr. Creasy? My brother Parke says "No, that won't settle the point;" but I, for my part, don't care so much about "settling the point," as about doing justice between the parties.

Mr. Baron Parke.—What I meant by that suggestion to my Lord was, that it was better to settle these points once for all, under the new act, upon principle, than to give them the go by in individual cases by inducing the parties to consent.

Mr. Creasy was then about to support his rule, when he was stopped by

The Chief Baron, who said, We are all agreed, I believe, that the rule must be made absolute.

Mr. Hoggins did not understand whether the Court meant to allow all the four pleas.

Mr. Baron Parke.—Yes, unless you will consent to Mr. Creasy's proposal. I think the defendant has a right to put on the record all the pleas.

Mr. Hoggins declined to give any such consent. He would not be a party to any such rule on the part of the plaintiff.

The Chief Baron afterwards said, that as the object of the new act was to put an end to unnecessary expense, the demurrer ought to be argued before the pleas were delivered.

Mr. Hoggins suggested that though the demurrer might be argued early next term, he should not be prepared to go to trial at the sittings after, unless the pleas were delivered at once.

Mr. Baron Parke.—If you are beaten on the demurrer the pleas cannot be tried, and need not be delivered, and so the costs of joining issue would be saved.

Mr. Hoggins.—That is, if we are beaten, but we hope to be successful.

Mr. Baron Parke.—Oh, you may be; but I confess I never saw such a declaration yet.

Ultimately it was arranged that the demurrer and pleas should be delivered within a week.

Rule absolute.

MUSIC.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

"Music, heavenly maid!"—COLLINS.

"Le premier des arts, la musique, qu'importe t-il? De tous les dons de la Divinité, cependant, c'est le plus magnifique, car il semble, pour ainsi dire, superflu. Le soleil nous éclaire, nous respirons l'air du ciel

sorci, toutes les beautés de la nature servent en quelque façon à l'homme; la musique seule est d'une noble inutilité, et c'est pour cela qu'elle nous émeut si profondément; plus elle est loin de tout but, plus elle se rapproche de cette source intime de nos pensées que l'application à un objet quelconque, réservé dans son cœur." — DE STAEL.

"Of the thousands who in these days delight themselves with music, how few there are who trouble themselves to ask what it is? And yet this is no uninteresting object of mental inquiry, nor should any one who is jealous for the dignity of the science, or the elevation of the art, omit this object of research. It is not indeed easy to follow such a flight as that of Madame de Staél when she speaks of music as the most magnificent of the gifts of Deity to man, because it appears to be in a certain sense superfluous, because it is of a noble inutility, in so far as it is not absolutely necessary for his existence. This might be said of many other things which serve for the refinement and enjoyment of man as well as it may be said of music; and, since it is more polite to assume that the lady failed to make her meaning plain than that she had no meaning in what she said, we may suppose that, in the noble inutility which she attributes to music, and which she believes to be the cause of its profound effect upon our sensibilities, there was something indicated which it requires a kindred imagination to her own to understand.

Rousseau, who professed a profound veneration for music, defines it as "*l'art de combiner des sons d'une manière agréable à l'oreille.*" But this definition has given great offence to other musical philosophers, who declare that Rousseau's definition degrades music to the low rank of a mere sensual enjoyment, whereas it is an exciter of mental emotions; and, it is these emotions, they allege, which give the high pleasure that music is capable of imparting. It is not, then, sounds merely pleasing to the ear which constitute music; but music is to be regarded as an artistic combination, or sequence, of sounds, with a regularly recurring measure or rhythm, not only exciting agreeable sensations, but raising mental images and emotions which are directly or indirectly pleasing. If this definition or description be correct, there can be no such thing as disagreeable music. It is a condition of music that it be agreeable. What then are we to call a great deal that in the colloquial licentiousness of the world is termed music, but which is extremely tiresome, neither giving any pleasure to the ear, nor suggesting anything to the mind, save surprise that any one capable of putting notes together at all should have put them together so inharmoniously?

Again, music has been philosophically considered as a kind of language, having, however, the *advantage* of not being so absolutely decisive; but that each listener may interpret it in the manner most agreeable to himself! If this view of the matter be not obviously correct, it is certainly very ingenious. A language of which the distinguishing characteristic is its uncertainty, and the peculiar merit its capability of being understood by each hearer in a way peculiar to himself, and in the way most agreeable to himself, is, indeed, something strange, and no doubt carries forward Madame de Staél's idea of a "noble inutility." The worst of it is, that, while the term language is used, the description of the thing to which the term is applied seems to be at variance with all ordinary definitions of language. Language is generally understood to consist of certain articulate sounds, subject to some fixed rules of arrangement, and having by common consent a common signification. A language which each one may interpret in the way most agreeable to himself is a language which has no common meaning, and is, therefore, not a language.

And yet there is some truth, too, in describing music as a sort of pleasing yet imperfect language, which does bear a common meaning to persons of an average degree of sensibility, yet not a meaning so accurately defined but that there may be shades of difference in the interpretation of it, more especially in respect to the associations which the same strain of music-language will call up in different minds.

Shakspeare speaks of a peculiar power of music to carry certain emotions into their opposites:—

"Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm."

But it seems to be his delight to dwell upon music as a softener

and soother of disturbed passions or ruffled temper. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"I heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."

Again, in the *Tempest*:—

"This music crept by me upon the waters,
Alleying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."

In the *Merchant of Venice*:—

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

In *Twelfth Night*:—

"That strain again, it had a dying fall;
Oh, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

In the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony."

The spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife he recognises, but scarcely seems to account among the instruments of music.

An eloquent philosopher of our own day speaks of music as "powerfully fitted both to represent and to awaken the mental processes." "Its sweetest sounds," he says, "are those of kind affection; its sublimest sounds are those most expressive of moral heroism, or most fitted to prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety." It was no musical dean of a cathedral who said this, but a university professor of Presbyterian Divinity. In music, as in every other branch of fine art, mere imitation must not be resorted to, except with the greatest caution. In a battle piece, for instance, the attempt to imitate cries of wounded men, or the trampling of horses, quickly degenerates into puerile vulgarity. Music should be suggestive, not imitative. The idea of a battle must be raised in the mind of the listener, not by so evident an agency as that of imitation of the sounds of war, but by a suggestive strain which carries the mind into the battle, and communicates at the same time a certain elevation of feeling, which it is the province of fine art to infuse.

A critic of the period of the "Restoration" in France (Geoffroy) writes of modern musical compositions in a very animated and indignant spirit, as if all high sentiment had departed from the art. And this he accounts for by the decline of the mental character of the people. Here is one of his pungent passages:—

"Demandez à tous les grands compositeurs actuels, y-a-t il dans la musique, comme dans les autres arts, un point de perfection après lequel on decline? Est on déjà parvenu à ce point de perfection, ou bien fait on chaque jour de nouveaux progrès? Les meilleurs musiciens d'aujourd'hui sont ils au dessus de grands maîtres de l'école de Durante? Nos opéras bouffons sont ils réellement supérieur aux anciens intermèdes de Fergolese, de Jomelli, &c. &c.? N'y a-t il pas dans la musique une expression, un sentiment très indépendant de l'attirail scientifique de l'harmonie et des morceaux d'ensemble? A ces questions et à beaucoup d'autres parcellés, ils ne pourront ou n'oseront répondre; je réponds, pour eux, que la musique n'est qu'une mode; que son succès dépend des mœurs, du caractère, de l'esprit de la nation pour qui elle est faite; et que moins il y a, chez un peuple, de sensibilité, de justesse, et de raison, plus la musique, pour plaisir, doit être compliquée, bruyante, minaudière frivole, parce qu'elle n'a plus l'âme, mais l'oreille pour juge.

"On ne peut pas nier les faits: l'expérience prouve qu'on n'applaudit, plus que défauts brillans, des tours de force, des roulades, des prestiges de charlatan, dont les artistes eux-mêmes rougissent quelquefois; en un mot, le sentiment de la vraie musique est perdu il ne faut donc plus raisonner sur la musique comme sur un art: il faut juger une composition musicale comme une capote, un schale, une robe; la plus nouvelle est la meilleure; c'est ce qui fait aller le commerce; la véritable raison pour laquelle on dédaigne les productions des anciens

artistes, c'est qu'il faut que les nouveaux vivent; et c'est une raison à laquelle il n'y a point de réplique." (ibid.)

There is good sense as well as spirit in these observations, though it may be said that the critical disposition, and the disposition to sarcasm, may have carried the writer a little too far. But the connection which he points out between the decline of good music, and the decline of national good sense and justness of sentiment, is well worthy of being pondered. The success of music does, undoubtedly, depend upon the prevailing character and manners of the people among whom it is introduced. If a people be distinguished for gravity and thoughtfulness, combined with elevation of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, they will, in all probability, have a noble music. If they are merely an impulsive, persevering, practical people, they will probably have no music at all, and will only import it as they do foreign wines or silks, or any other luxury. If the social character of a nation is sinking, in consequence of the spread of luxurious habits—if originality and energy of thought are, day by day, becoming more rare—if the sight of the more serious circumstances of life is habitually avoided—if the intellect of the country be given to subtleties and speculative theories—if its wit and humour be degenerating into jest and caricature, and its specimens of pictorial art be marked by manual dexterity and the absence of imagination—then we shall doubtless find its music to become, at the same time, more complicated in construction and more frivolous in sentiment.

In all branches of the fine arts the great and rapid progress of mercantile wealth is unfavourable to pure art, even while it may be, in a pecuniary sense, favourable to artists. Their employment and their profits depend in a great measure upon the patronage of persons who have had no opportunities of acquiring good taste, and to whom that which is in the worst taste is often the most pleasing. It is not alone the artists in music who sometimes blush for their own works. They could do better, but as their object is to please in order to obtain a reward, they choose an inferior method, because it will be more acceptable. The productions of the fine arts are articles of commerce. It is that which will command the widest market that the artist studies to provide, and neither in literature nor in the fine arts does the multitude prefer that which persons of well-informed judgment and matured taste know to be most worthy of preference.

In such state of things, when we find even the muse of history dressed out in gaudy and flaunting robes, that she may more successfully attract the gaze of the multitude, what wonder is it that the fine arts should decline into vulgarity, or that musical compositions should be made up for sale, like a cloak or a shawl?

Reviews of Music.

"NEW CHRISTMAS HYMN, 'Hark! the Herald Angels sing.' Composed by THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE.

"*MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.*"—A Hymn for New Year's Day. Composed by THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE. John Sheppard. Without any pretence at fine writing, or without any studied elevation of style, these hymns answer the purpose for which they are intended exceedingly well. Mr. Fowle has hit upon simple and catchy airs for his verses, and has arranged them with dexterity. The "Christmas Hymn" is a good specimen of plain vocal part writing, and the "Hymn for New Year's Day," arranged for solo, duet, and chorus, exhibits no small amount of musical taste. The Hymns will, doubtless, find a ready sale, as they are adapted to general capacities and general utility.

PEOPLE'S CONCERTS IN LEEDS.

(From the *Leeds Intelligencer*.)

On Saturday evening last, the Music Hall, Leeds, was crowded in every part, by a mixed audience of high and low degree, employers and operatives, old and young, men and women, on the occasion of the first of the series of concerts to be given during the ensuing winter under the auspices of the Leeds Rational Recreation Society. For the purpose of giving an additional impulse to the movement

in favour of recreation for the million, this society announced prizes to be given for the three most approved essays upon "The best means of promoting the Rational Recreation of the People." On Saturday Evening, the adjudicators delivered their award during the interval between the first and second parts of the concert, and extracts were read from each of the successful manuscripts. This was not only an interesting but a novel feature in our public assemblies, and gave a pleasing variety to the evening's entertainment. It is not to be expected that the association can at once carry out all the suggestions of the writers, but in the course of time we may hope for such a consummation. During the ensuing winter some progress may be made in further developing the various designs at present in embryo; and we understand that readings from poets and dramatists, as well as pictorial historical illustrations, are at this moment contemplated, and will speedily be introduced. In reference to the concert of Saturday evening, it is gratifying to be able to speak in terms of commendation. The programme, though teeming, was in a manner faultless and skilful. It were needless, perhaps, to eulogise the vocal accomplishments of our popular Yorkshire queen of song, Mrs. Sunderland; or to descant upon the cleverness and humour of Mr. Delavanti. The chorus consisted of a numerous body of amateurs and professionals, who deserve credit for the accuracy with which they executed their parts. In addition to the ordinary duties they had assigned to them the performance of several select pieces, in which they also acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the auditory. We attribute this proficiency to the unreathed exertions of Mr. Spark, who officiated as conductor, and to that punctuality with which the members of the choral department attended the rehearsals. Of Mr. Spark's zeal and generosity in aiding these concerts with his talents and labours, we have had on former occasions, to speak in terms of the highest praise, and assisted by his counsel and intelligence we have no doubt the committee will be able to enter most successfully for the gratification of the musical taste of our townsmen. The concert opened with the glee—"The cloud-capt towers" and Bishop's elegy "Mourn for the mighty dead," which were appropriately selected as a graceful homage to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. Mrs. Sunderland made her first appearance this evening in Donizetti's "Dream of Joy," which was encored. Mr. Delavanti's singing of the buffo song "Travellers all" was similarly complimented. "Eliza's Song," taken from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was pathetically given by Miss Brown, with a harp accompaniment, a repetition of which was demanded, but a comic ballad was substituted. In Bishop's chorus "Bright Osh," Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Gewart took the solos, and managed them most effectively. Mozart's duet "Why answer so demurely," by Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Delavanti, amused the audience excessively. Omitting to notice Mrs. Sunderland's execution of the ballad, "I cannot mind my wheel, mother," and Mr. Delavanti's Irish ballad, "Katty Moyle," we content ourselves with repeating that the concert passed off in the most satisfactory manner. In the interval during which the musical performances were suspended, the following interlocutory proceedings took place. On the motion of the Rev. W. Sinclair, the Mayor (John Hope Shaw, Esq.) was requested to preside. The Mayor then ascended the orchestra, and addressing the assembly, said it was with the highest pleasure he saw so large a multitude in that room again at the commencement of the winter concerts of the Leeds Recreation Society. He trusted this was an omen of the continued and hearty support of his townsmen in this attempt to provide for their amusement throughout the winter (hear, hear.) They were assembled that evening, not only for the purpose of enjoying one of those concerts from which they were accustomed to expect, and never in vain, so much amusement and pleasure; but they were assembled partly for the purpose of business. Prizes had been offered to working men to furnish essays on the best mode of accomplishing that object for which this society had been instituted, providing innocent and rational recreations for the people. Essays had been written and sent in in conformity with the notice, and those essays had been considered, and adjudicated upon by three gentlemen eminently qualified for the purpose, one of whom he (the Mayor) had the pleasure of seeing present on this occasion,

(the Rev. Mr. Sinclair), who along with the Rev. C. Wicksteed and Dr. Smiles, had decided to which three of the competitors the prizes were to be awarded. That award was to be made before the present assembly (applause). It had been announced and it was intended that some extracts from those essays should be read, in order that the views of the working classes might be ascertained on this important subject which those writers might fairly be taken to represent (applause.) Having asked for the privilege of a perusal of those papers before he came there, and having been accommodated with them, he must say that he had read them with very high gratification at the excellent spirit, sound sense and judgment evinced by their authors (applause.) He had also been gratified by the recollection that almost every one of those provisions for the public benefit and amusement which the writers had suggested had already been taken for endeavouring to provide rational recreations for the people, and that in so doing, neither intention nor ignorance of the real bent of their inclinations had been displayed (applause.) Some of the papers dwelt on the necessity of those provisions for the physical welfare of the people, which the writers very justly said though they could not be classed among amusements, yet were necessary preliminaries to the enjoyment of any amusement whatsoever, and in that way in which it could not be known to all present, that the legislature, the town-council, the committee recently appointed in almost every district of this large borough had each and all of them, according to the measure of their privileges, been assiduously engaged in promoting that great object, the physical welfare of the people, (hear.) The writers of these papers suggested the blending of literary amusements of various kinds with what they called the lighter sorts of instruction. He (the Mayor) confessed that in his opinion, in those valuable institutions called Mechanic's Institutes, they had already an organization, he did not say not admitting of any improvement, but an organization intended and adapted for the very purpose those writers suggested; for though those institutions were formed for the instruction rather than the amusement of the people, they had year by year been extending their operations in the direction of amusements as well as of instruction, by making the amusements subservient to the instruction (applause.) It came precisely to the same thing, then, whether they began with an institution for instruction, or super-added amusement to make it more attractive; or began, as the essayists suggested, with an institution for amusement and added instruction to its objects. He was happy to say that in the several papers there was a distinct acknowledgment of the importance of moral, and the paramount importance of religious, instruction (hear, hear.) All institutions of the kind under consideration might not immediately have those objects for their ultimate end, but at all events they should be so conducted as not to counteract that end (applause.) He would only further observe that in some of these papers it was strongly pointed out that all classes of society were now co-operating much more heartily, were much more alive than ever they had been before to the vast importance of providing for the welfare of the masses, and the writers very justly considered that a subject for high congratulation and sanguine hope (applause.) That such had been for some time the strong tendency of public opinion all must have seen with high satisfaction. But one word to the working classes on this subject. Co-operation meant action on both sides. Amusements could not be provided for the people unless the people did their parts towards carrying the object into effect (loud applause). Although, therefore, exertion and effort might be required on the part of those who might not wish for such amusements for themselves, having the means of providing them without any institutions, exertions were especially necessary on the part of those masses who were to be benefited by them, and without which it was impossible they could prosper. He was happy to say that the writers insisted on the necessity of this institution for providing recreation for the people being self-supporting (hear.) All of them called for considerably greater cheapness in the instruction provided (hear.) If they were to have an institution, then, self-supporting and cheap, it was plain that it could only be accomplished by the support of very great numbers of the population. The more the institution could be extended, the more they could induce their friends to

join it, the better they would enable those who assisted them to provide cheap accommodation, and the sooner they would arrive at that state which was the only solid state for institutions of any kind, namely, self-supporting and under the exclusive management of the people themselves. This institution was so to a great extent at present, but the sooner it became so entirely the better, and he hoped hereafter to be able to meet them when the working men would have the management of all such institutions entirely in their own hands (loud applause).

The Rev. W. Sinclair next addressed the assembly as one of the adjudicators of the prize essays, premising that he had just returned from witnessing one of the most solemn and impressive ceremonials of which this country had ever been the theatre—the depositing in its last long resting place of all that was mortal of the immortal Wellington. He attended on the present occasion prepared to bear his humble part in the operations of this society. He felt having taken some little share in its institution that he should rejoice to see the commencement of another season (applause.) He knew there were some who objected to ministers of religion appearing prominently in such matters, and held that their sphere of usefulness should be restricted to offices of devotion and religion; but after deeply considering the question, he was of opinion that everything which concerned the intellectual and social well-being of his fellow-countrymen, was a part of his duty (loud applause.) Of his fellow-townsmen he was particularly happy to say that he rejoiced to see the progress and development of all that was honourable and praiseworthy in their lives and actions; to see so much of the hope and promise in the various aspects of society that he could not help feeling what had been said of Leeds in a different sense that "There's a good time coming." He could see in the various appointments of Providence now calling so many thousands of our labouring classes to our colonial settlements, that there new markets were to be found for an industrial population at home, and by removing the pressure on the labour market raising the future wages of the working classes, so that they seemed to have a happy future in their hands, if only their minds were rightly directed and their hearts thoroughly improved and reformed (applause.) The rev. gentleman concluded by referring to the essays, all of which he had read with great pleasure, and by calling upon those to whom the prizes had been awarded in the following order:—1st prize to William Hick, 3, Earl-street, Woodhouse-lane, a printer, at the Mercury office; 2nd prize to Benjamin Riley, weaver, 3, Somerset street; 3rd prize to John Hirst, an infirm, aged, and self-taught individual, whose production would have been entitled (and most deservedly) to higher consideration but for the fact that his circumstances did not comply with the condition prescribed, "that all competitors should be in the receipt of weekly wages."

After extracts had been read from these three papers, each of the prize essayists was called upon the platform to receive his prize, excepting Hirst, who was represented by his son. A vote of congratulation was then accorded to them and loud acclamations. During the evening, the Rev. Wm. Sinclair stated that he would, on the 4th of December, read a paper before the society on the poetry of Burns, to be interspersed with musical illustrations.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER. (From our own Correspondent.) Mr. Charles Halle's first concert of classical chamber music for the season 1852-3, was given on Thursday week, at the Town Hall, King Street. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Trio, in D, Op. 70, No. 1 Beethoven
Aria, Mr. Perring, "Fra poco" Donizetti
Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in A minor, dedicated to Kreutzer Beethoven

PART SECOND.

Second Trio in C minor, Op. 66 Mendelssohn
Song, Mr. Perring, "Ye stars watching mildly o'er" Prokofieff
Bourée and Double—violin Spohr
Nocturne, in F minor, Op. 55, and Grand Polonaise Chopin

In spite of the new management, or rather in accordance with his former kindness, Mr. Hallé sent "your own correspondent" a single (not a dual) ticket of admission to the first concert on the same day, Thursday, the 25th inst., and our last was posted to you the preceding evening. We are delighted to have to record one of the most brilliant openings of his season that ever Charles Hallé has as yet had. The Town Hall room was well filled by an appreciative audience as the talent engaged to appear deserved; and that is saying a great deal. The German belles can talk as fast, if not faster, than our English ladies; but we must give them credit for being downright good listeners when good music is being played. The scheme, as will be seen, was of the highest class—Molique, Lidel, and Hallé were the instrumentalists, Perring the vocalist, and accompanist Mr. R. Andrews. With such music, in such hands, well might a rare treat be anticipated. The Trio in D, op. 72, No. 1, is perhaps one of the most difficult and wonderful of these wonderful chamber compositions of Beethoven, and in every movement is suggestive of the most deep and mysterious feeling and thought that any music is capable of producing. To attempt to describe it is sheer folly. It is great, very great, and was performed in masterly style. Perring next gave his *Fra poca scena* from *Lucia di Lammermoor* very neatly, as usual, but deficient in passion; after which we had the grand "Kreutzer sonata" for violin and pianoforte, the most favourite duo sonata of Beethoven we are acquainted with, but which we got spoilt about, by hearing it first on two or three occasions by Ernst and Hallé together. We certainly do not expect the same effect from it by any other two. The intense fire and passion thrown into the *andante* by Ernst, and the intoxicating and fascinating way in which he retarded and played with the beautiful subject of the "Tremolo," with his playful ease in the *presto-finales*, might not be playing the violin part of this sonata as strictly marked down by Beethoven; but satisfied we are that if he ever could have heard Ernst play it he would have entirely approved of it. We must not be understood to mean that there was anything ill done. On this present occasion Molique and Hallé are as great together in some things as almost any violinist and pianist can be; we only wish to give a reason why Molique's playing, correct and brilliant as it undoubtedly is, did not quite come up to our utmost anticipations in this sonata. His reading may be right, and Ernst's may be wrong, but we confess our preference for the more impassioned and enthusiastic school. It is because we so love this glorious sonata we have been thus particular in our impression of it. And famously we enjoyed it, after all our distinctions here given. After Ernst in it we would fain hear Molique; and after listening to Beethoven we would fain next hear Mendelssohn. So as we would have it, Mendelssohn occurred next to open the second part with his second trio, the one in C minor, Op. 66. The *allegro energico*, since its gifted author was taken from us, can only be given with due refinement and passionate sentiment by such players at the pianoforte part in it as Charles Hallé. The lovely *andante* was charmingly rendered by Molique and Lidel, with Hallé's accompaniment; and afterwards the same theme was taken up by Hallé himself on the pianoforte. It is a delicious subject. The *scherzo* bears the author's impress most unmistakeably, and was so well played, is altogether so charming (and not long either) that we were surprised it was not encored, as it nearly always has been when we have heard it before. The finale is grand and full in the extreme, such as, if not written by Mendelssohn, could only have been produced by Beethoven; and worthily played and listened to it was. Mr. Perring sang a very nice song by Proch, with a beautiful accompaniment, ably given by Mr. R. Andrews. We then had two solo displays to wind up this most brilliant chamber concert (or as our friend of the *Guardian* has it, with the inevitable alliteration forced upon him, "charming classical chamber concert"). The first solo, from Sebastian Bach, was a "Bourrée and double" for violin, by Molique, in which style we sincerely believe Ernst himself could hardly surpass him. It is genuine good fiddling of the good old school, and is much relished much as one used to relish those old duets of Corelli's, which Dragonté and the elder Linley used to glory in so much. The solo selection for Charles Hallé was a

Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, by Chopin (not a living writer, as stated in the *Guardian*); the second, the well-known and thundering grand polonaise, also of Chopin, so frequently given by Hallé before, in A flat, Op. 53, which made a most worthy finish to a really first-rate performance. The concert was a long one, being nearly half an hour later than usual, yet was there no symptoms of being tired that we could discover. The programme contained a novelty in the shape of a short analysis* in letter-press of each movement, with two or three bars of the leading subjects in music type printed with it, which we should be glad to see continued on future occasions.

MUSIC IN SOUTH WALES. *Newport, Nov. 30th.*—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert has just taken place in this town under the direction and for the benefit of Signor G. Tamplini, late of Her Majesty's Theatre, and now director of the band to Her Majesty's 48th Regiment, at present quartered in this district.

This concert, which has been eminently successful, calls for a more than usual degree of notice in consequence of the circumstances under which it has been given, and a few others which preceded it, as the following brief sketch will testify.

Until a very recent period Newport and its vicinity was a very bye-word in the mouths of musical amateurs:—without resident professors of any mark whatever—without any musical associations, choral or otherwise—without even a recognized musical instrument dealer—and, worse than all, without *patronage* for the art, it stood forward in bold prominence as the place to be avoided on a musical tour, although surrounded by bright spots, such as Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, &c., a sort of *unresolved discord* within the pale of *harmony*.

Such being the state of affairs, an *Eisteddfod* was held at Newport, something more than two months ago, wherein the musical and other artistic deficiencies were so terribly conspicuous as to draw down the vengeance of the critic of the *Illustrated London News*, in terms so severe, although perfectly deserved, that the Newportians were forthwith lashed into a kind of musical rebellion, and bestirred themselves right manfully to obtain a reverse of the dictum put forth. They set to work with a will, earnestly and praiseworthy. A choral society, which had just begun to struggle into existence, became all at once active under the superintendence of two young gentlemen organists, whose talents will not fail, some day or other, to become creditable; and one lady professor, whose undeniable talent had been hitherto wholly unappreciated. Two or three weeks served to enable them, with the aid of assistance from other places, and in conjunction with a portion of the band of the 48th Regiment, to give a tolerable interpretation of Handel's *Messiah*, very much to the astonishment not only of their friends, but even of themselves.

Having thus broken the ice, further progress rapidly ensued; but a cause, beyond that hitherto given, had been at work, in the circumstance of the officers of Her Majesty's 48th Regiment having permitted their splendid band, under the direction of Signor Tamplini, to afford the inhabitants of Newport every possible opportunity of hearing, and thereby appreciating, fine music. This privilege having been conceded on every practicable occasion, induced a love of musical art, to which the amiable manners and abilities of Signor Tamplini himself lent additional enthusiasm, and, as a matter of course, gave rise to a feeling of gratitude towards that gentleman, such as speedily sought to evince itself in a tangible form. This was at last effected in the shape of a benefit concert, at which not only the professionals and amateurs of the place gave their assistance, but at which—to the great credit of the whole town—every other kind of assistance was rendered; to wit—the Town Hall was gratuitously given; the printing and advertising were all rendered gratuitously by the proprietors of several establishments; and even the use of benches, and the erection of a very extensive gallery were left uncharged; not one farthing of expense was suffered to fall on the *beneficiare*. Indeed, so great was the endeavour evinced to do honour to Signor Tamplini, that but for a spirit of independence on the part of that gentleman himself, he would not have been permitted to have made any outlay at all. As it was, however, he could not resist the desire to show his

* After the manner of the analytical prospectus given by Mr. Ella to the subscribers of the London Musical Union.—ED. M. W.

own sense of the compliment paid him, and to this intent, presented every holder of a "reserved seat" with a copy of "The Flower of Isca" waltz, which was composed for the occasion, and dedicated to his patrons.

Of the concert itself, which embraced a selection from the works of Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rossini, &c., &c., we can only speak briefly, to the effect that all went off very well, the band acquitted itself *a merveille* and the amateurs, both choral and instrumental, far beyond expectations. The gems of the evening were considered Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor Salute," from the *Huguenots*, and a song entitled "Early Days," written by W. West, Esq. (the *Risca Rhymers*), and composed by Signor Tamplini, both of them sung by Miss Clowes, a young lady of most promising attainments, at present officiating as organist to the Catholic Church. Also, a "pot-pourri" from *Don Giovanni*, arranged by Signor Tamplini, and capitally performed by him on the bassoon—accompanied by full band—as well as a fantasia upon the harp, by Mr. G. F. Davis, of Cardiff, whose abilities are of a high order. Great commendation is moreover due to Messrs. Price and Groves, for their several performances, which drew forth a general encore.

In conclusion, the inhabitants of Newport have done not only honour to Signor Tamplini, but to themselves, in thus evincing so unanimous a desire to honour one worthy of honour, and in troubling you with this long notice, I beg leave to assert it as my firm conviction, that the inhabitants of Newport owe a debt of gratitude to the band of the 48th regiment, for the good service which it has rendered in improving their musical taste, and most especially to Signor Tamplini himself for improving the said band, which is fast bearing on a par with those of the "Coldstream," the 1st and 2nd battalion of "Royal Scotch Fusiliers," or even the "Marine Band," Chatham or Woolwich division.

Provincial.

CROYDON.—Miss Dolby introduced for the first time, on Thursday last, at Mr. G. Russell's Concert, Croydon, a new song, written expressly for her by Mr. Edward Land, entitled "The Sunshine of our Home," which, from its elegant and simple flow of melody, promises to become one of the most popular songs of the day. Miss Dolby's artistic and highly effective rendering of the song, insured for it a rapturous encore. A detailed notice of Mr. Russell's concert will appear in our next number.

CHELMSFORD.—A grand vocal and orchestral concert was given at the Shire Hall on the 26th ultimo, to a crowded and brilliant assemblage, under the distinguished patronage of Lady Sarah Murray, the Hon. Mrs. Mildmay, Mrs. Bramston, Mrs. Round, Miss Tufnell, &c. The band consisted almost entirely of resident amateurs, and the effective manner in which they executed the overtures and operatic selections, reflected the highest credit on the performers. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Birch, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodden, who exerted themselves most successfully. The amateurs and lovers of music in Chelmsford, are much indebted to J. W. Wilson, Esq. (the promoter of the concert), and the committee, for a musical evening of a superior kind. Mr. Carte delighted the audience with a brilliant solo on the "Council and Prize Medal Flute," and Herr Stromeyer performed a violin concerto, by De Beriot. Mr. Anschuez conducted. The profits of the concert were presented to the music class of the Chelmsford Literary Institution.

LIVERPOOL.—Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabaeus*, was produced last Tuesday week, at the Philharmonic Hall, by the orchestra and choir of the society, assisted by Mr. Sims Reeves. We hear that a great many dinner parties that day contributed to the effect, we regret to record, a very inadequate attendance; even the galleries were not filled properly. It may have arisen partly from the oratorio as a whole being insufficiently known, though the individual pieces are publicly recognised as some of Handel's finest productions—"Arm, arm, ye brave;" "Sound an alarm;" "Pious orgies;" "O, lovely peace;" "See the conquering hero comes;"—but the public do not seem to be aware that these flowers are plucked from a bouquet in which equal beauties remain behind; that these solos and duets

are enshrined amidst choruses of almost divine inspiration, and that there are other solos and duets also of almost equal beauty. The choruses, with one exception, in which the trumpets got at fault, and put out the singers, were admirably executed. Miss Stott astonished us with the great solo, "From mighty kings," which would have been encored, had not some consideration for the great exertions the singer was called on to make throughout the evening interfered. Her "Pious orgies" was also very well received, but we wish we could have heard the same tones throughout her performance; a defect which appears to arise from bad enunciation, and not opening her mouth, marring much of the other solos and recitatives she had to sing. If Miss Parsons did not produce so great an effect in any one song, her whole performance was more sustained. Like most *contralti*, she wants rousing to do her best. Mr. Armstrong acquitted himself very creditably, but not quite so energetically as usual. The basses are sometimes as indolent as the *contralti*. But Mr. Sims Reeves, the star of the evening, electrified the audience and the orchestra with "Arm, arm, ye brave," and "Sound an alarm," both of which were given with a voice of thunder, and the shout of a warrior, calling down echoes of applause and demands for encores. The chorus "O, Father, whose almighty power," was also encored, principally for the prayer to

"Grant leader, bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save;"

a burst of patriotic ardour that woke a response even in these peaceful cosmopolitan times. Mr. E. W. THOMAS'S SECOND CLASSICAL CONCERT took place on Saturday last. Mr. J. Mallett Shepherd was presented to us in Hummel's grand trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, supported most ably by Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Lidel. The pianoforte was very creditably sustained by Mr. J. Mallett Shepherd, though the *rondo* was taken rather slow, probably in consideration of the youth of the performer. The Glee and Madrigal Union followed with Sir H. R. Bishop's celebrated glee for four voices, "Under the Greenwood Tree," but the counter tenor requires a boy's voice for these parts. Mr. E. W. Thomas then played three of his romances for the violin, and the first part concluded with a beautiful quartett in D, by Mozart, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, by Messrs. C. A. Seymour, E. W. Thomas, C. B. Herrmann, and Lidel. The second part, opened with a quartett in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, by Dussek. It is full of melody and rich combinations, and was admirably executed by Messrs. C. J. Toms, E. W. Thomas, C. B. Herrmann, and Lidel. It was rapturously applauded, and would have been encored but from consideration of Mr. Toms, who had to follow immediately with his solo performance from Sterndale Bennett. In this he also showed his skill as a player, and his power over the instrument, but his feeling for music had not so much scope as in Dussek's quartett. The Glee and Madrigal Union then made another essay in Mendelssohn's pretty four part song, "Love and Wine," which was encored as much for the words as for the music, for the ladies seemed greatly amused at the idea of man's chasing their power away by means of wine. They remembered, doubtless, the confession in the old song—

"Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine;
I tried it, but found when I came to depart
The wine in my head, but still love in my heart."

The concert concluded with a quartett, by Macfarren, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, well played by Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Seymour, C. B. Herrmann, and Lidel. The *allegro moderato* and the *Scherzo* showed the hand of the composer.—THE THIRD OF THE SERIES OF THE SHILLING CONCERTS came off at the Royal Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening week. The artistes were—Miss Mair Ann Eirias, the sisters Beer, Miss Jessie Hammond, Miss Hammond, Mrs. Rose, Mr. Rowlands, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. W. B. Wray, who conducted. The programme comprised a selection from some of our most esteemed authors. The attendance, though highly respectable, was not so numerous as we expected. The entertainment displayed a diversity of talent rarely to be met with in Liverpool at such a moderate charge; and we trust the committee of the shilling concerts will persevere in bringing before the lovers of good harmony native artists worthy

of such approbation as was accorded to them on the present occasion. Miss Mair Ann Eirias, who displayed some silver medals, performed a solo on the harp with much taste and feeling, which was heartily encored. Mr. Greenwood, too, was capital on the flageolet. Miss Jessie Hammond seemed to be in a much better voice than she was on the last occasion we had the pleasure of hearing her, and sang "Son Virgin Vezossa," from *I Puritani* with much spirit, and was encored. Miss Hammond and Mr. Wray met with a deserved encore in a duet by Balfe. The Misses Beer were excellent in a quartett, "Our Mountain Home," composed by Mr. Wray, which elicited marked approbation. In the absence of Mr. Mingaud, Miss Ann Beer gave a solo with great taste and finish, which was well received. This young lady possesses a pleasing voice, and, though modest and unpretending in her deportment, we have no doubt she will become a general favourite. Mr. Rowlands also sang respectably; but we fear Mrs. Rose laboured under the effects of a cold, as she appeared not in good voice. However, we shall be better able to judge on the next occasion.—**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—Miss Glyn and Mr. C. Dillon concluded their engagements at the Royal Amphitheatre, on Saturday evening. They have, during the week, appeared in a round of popular tragedies—*Liverpool Mail*.

EGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Wednesday, the 24th inst., a *soirée musicale* was given at the Assembly Rooms, under the direction of Herr Carl Anschuez, assisted by the following artistes:—Mrs. Alexander Newton, Madame Zimmerman, and Mr. George Tedder, vocalists; Herr F. W. Kreutzer (violin), and Herr H. Lütgen (violincello). The audience, though less numerous than at a concert given at the above rooms on a former occasion, under the same direction (which may be attributed to the extensive floods in the neighbourhood), comprised most of the resident nobility and gentry, who expressed their appreciation of the talent introduced and the high character of the programme selected by frequent applause. The entertainment commenced with a trio, "Allegro con brio," by Beethoven, on the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, followed by an aria from *Figaro*, "Voi che sapete," sung by Madame Zimmerman, in which the powers of her voice were adequately displayed. An aria from *Puritani*, sung by Mrs. A. Newton, deservedly called for the enthusiastic expressions of applause, and she was rapturously encored in the first song, "Robin Adair." The duetto from *Der Freischütz* by these ladies, was also very tastefully sung. The variations, solos, and fantasias on the violin and violoncello, were executed in a masterly style, and those which we particularly noticed were variations by De Beriot, performed by Herr Kreutzer, and a solo Thema di Beethoven, by Herr Lütgen. The magnificent voice of Mr. George Tedder called forth thunders of applause, particularly in the "Death of Nelson," in which he gratified the audience by responding to an encore, which, from the powers required and displayed, could be no easy task. A grand finale on the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, concluded the entertainment. We cannot close this notice without commenting on the performance of Herr Carl Anschuez on the pianoforte, whose abilities added not a little to the *éclat* of the evening.

BIRMINGHAM.—**MISS STEVENS'S CONCERT.**—The benefit concert of this young lady took place on Thursday night, when the Hall was crowded to overflowing. The artistes engaged, as our readers are aware, consisted of two *debutantes*, Miss Byers and Miss Ward, Miss A. Hill, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Reeves, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Poole, Miss Whitworth, Miss Stevens, and Mr. J. A. Baker, as solo pianists, with Mr. Stimpson as accompanist. The scheme was more than ordinarily popular, consisting, as it did, of a great proportion of ballads, not of the highest class. Nevertheless, there were a few vocal gems that amply atoned for the great infusion of mediocrity. Admirable in delivery and more than usually chaste in feeling, was the "Fra Poco," by Sims Reeves, and very charming also was his singing of Rodwell's song. Not less beautiful were the songs by Miss Williams, her fine sympathetic voice telling with delicious purity in Giardini's "In felici;" and if less effective in her second solo, the fault must not be attributed to the vocalist. Weiss was exceedingly effective in the bravura song from Mendelssohn's "Son-

and Stranger," and Miss Hill warbled with some feeling, a ballad called "Agatha." Next to the performance of the two first-named vocalists, however, the feature of the evening was the piano-forte music. Thanks are due to Mr. Baker for his introduction of Schubert's thoughtful and classical composition. It is of course difficult to comprehend the meaning of such a work at first hearing, and this feeling of ignorance of the composer's intention detracts from the interest of the piece; but it is full of thoughtful passages and harmonies of great beauty, all of which, Mr. Baker brought out very chastely. The duo by Miss Stevens and Miss Whitworth was admirably executed, but was marred by the piano on which Miss Stevens played, being very flat. Another engaged from Collard's arrived too late. A word of cordial praise must be awarded to Miss Whitworth's "Illustrations du Prophète," which were played with great elegance and decision. With respect to the *debutantes*, we cannot report favourably of Miss Byers, whose soprano voice is ill-regulated and her style almost ludicrously crude. Miss Ward has a mezzo soprano voice of limited compass, but she sings with considerable chasteness, and well deserved the applause she received. We have no space to record all the encores which were showered upon the performances, but if applause be a measure of success, Miss Stevens has cause to congratulate herself on having achieved results as agreeable to her audience as the audience must have been to her.—*Birmingham Journal, Saturday, Nov. 27, 1832.*

Original Correspondence.

PIANOFORTE ADVERTISING.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—Could you not in any way expose the desperate swindling which is going on at the present time with respect to pianofortes advertised in the *Times*? Perhaps you are hardly aware of the station of the parties involved in some of these transactions; but if you are disposed to lend a willing ear, and sincerely to endeavour to put a stop to them, I will give you in a future letter such particulars as, I think, will surprise you. For instance, what would you say of a West-End music dealer asserting, and persisting in the assertion, that an old *Grand* sold by Broadwood in 1828, with three strings in unison, 7 feet 8 inches long, and 61 octaves, is a true *semi-grand*, and may be honestly sold as such? Some good will be done if you will publish this note, with your answer. More hereafter. Yours faithfully,

SKETCH OF AN OPERA SINGER.

MADEMOISELLE ROSA NIVA was not what one would call *pretty*; she was too large for her age, meagre, and did not possess that grace of action which is the result of a good education; but she had a small foot, a beautiful form, a lively and characteristic appearance, and black fiery eyes; her mouth was a little large, it is true, but beautiful by a charming smile. She was naturally intelligent, and possessed much wit, though uncultivated. Lively, and not at all accustomed to obedience, it was difficult to control her. Luckily, however, a rare aptitude and an exquisite sensibility were the means of exciting great hopes for her. The qualities of Niva interested Monsieur Rameau, a young and intelligent man, at that time professor in Choron's school. His generous soul was pained at seeing so beautiful a nature repelled by fortune; he extended to her a generous hand, and from this moment he considered it his duty to open to the poor girl the road to a better future. At first it was only with a natural feeling of vanity with which Rameau presented Miss Niva to Choron, but

this sentiment became modified in a short time, and took a development which astonished himself.

Miss Niva was admitted into Choron's institution, and placed under the particular care of Ramier. Ramier's class was composed of young men and children. A perfect order reigned in it, and no one dared say a word against its regulations. The severity of Ramier was so great in this respect, that it was the subject of many jokes on the part of his brother professors. The first lessons which Niva received of Ramier were certainly very original. After having presented her to the class, he made her approach, and said,

"Mademoiselle Niva, you have without doubt been told many bad things about me—have you not? Acknowledge frankly, you have been told that I was a great scolder, peevish, and exacting?"

Niva merely replied to this question by a malicious smile.

"Very well," continued Ramier, "you will see that I have been calumniated. For to-morrow I shall give you no other work than to wash your face; afterwards, we will see what can be done."

A general laugh followed these words of the professor.

The next day Niva came to the class looking a little cleaner. "Now," said Ramier to her, "you can occupy yourself with your hands, and I give you just eight days for this grand ablution."

At the end of the eight days, the metamorphosis was complete; the beautiful teeth of Madlle. Niva were white as ivory, her neck-erchief adjusted with more care, her hair well combed, her pretty figure more graceful (in a word, everything had taken a new aspect—the instinct of the woman was aroused).

Ramier now occupied himself with Niva's musical education. He watched her with a severe eye, assigned her particular hours for study, and made her render him a minute account of her time. All the young girl's actions were put under his control; no one could withdraw her from his solicitude, and neither her mother nor Choron ever presented any obstacle to his wishes.

Little by little, Niva's voice, being made supple by numerous and well-tempered exercises, acquired a wonderful fulness and beauty. Enchanted with the progress of his pupil, Ramier spared no pains in her musical education. The intelligence of Niva adapted itself wonderfully to everything, but it was not without trouble, not without having caused her to shed many tears, that he succeeded in taming her wilful spirit. There were many attempts at revolt, many menaces to return to her native independence; but Ramier was immovable; he held her constantly under the yoke of his wishes. But Ramier was extremely good to Niva; he consecrated his whole time to her; he even neglected his other business to watch over her education; he provided for her necessary wants; in a word, he became her protector, her saviour.

In this manner Niva grew under the instruction of Ramier. She was no longer the young and poor girl, whom he had found in the streets; she had become a charming young lady, her figure graceful, her manner noble and select, able to express herself with facility. He could not regard her without feeling proud; he could not hear her spoken of in praises without saying to himself: It is I who have made her what she is; and when he heard the murmurs around him: What a charming person!—what a mind!—what talent! his heart bounded within him in joy.

During the lessons, when she stood at his side and sang in sad and plaintive tones, his eyes were constantly fixed upon her. He contemplated her with delight; he scarcely breathed, so much he feared to lose one of those accents which he himself had taught her. Niva was the work of his hands, the echo of his soul! Oh what a delightful task to assist thus in the development of an intelligence which owes to yourself its existence! Ramier, who had devoted his most precious years to this young girl's education, to make her submissive to his least wishes, to accustom her to passive obedience; now that he had accomplished all that he desired, now that he had made her a charming person, was grieved at the perfection of his work. His obedience, this submissiveness, this sweetness without a cloud, chagrined him and made him unhappy. He would rather have had a little murmur—some caprices; he did not wish that Niva should feel obliged to obey him without a single complaint; he desired to make her a woman and his equal. In short, Ramier

was in love with Niva. Yes! this poor girl, whom he had educated with so much severity, and whom not long before he had treated with so little gentleness; this poor girl had won his heart; he was ready to cast himself at the feet of her, the work of his own hands. It was a passion so profound, so intense, that he dared not manifest it. In truth, how was he to overstep the interval which separated him from Niva?—how cast off the exterior of an authority nearly paternal, to declare to her the tender sentiments with which she inspired him?—how abandon the severe and worthy part he had played till then, to cast himself on his knees before the young girl who trembled at his sight?—Niva, who owed everything to Ramier, who feared as much as she respected him, how would she receive the avowal of a sentiment she was so far from supposing on the part of her benefactor? On the other hand, the character of Ramier was too elevated, he was too sensible of the noble mission with which he had charged himself, to abuse for a moment, the unbounded confidence with which he had inspired his young pupil.

Every succeeding day Niva made new progress; she surpassed the greatest expectations of Ramier. Her aptness at acquiring the finest shades of expression in the sublime art, was truly wonderful. Her beautiful, full voice, her expressive figure, her grand and vigorous style, were the astonishment of all who heard her; every time she sang before the class, the applause was immense. She was loaded with presents and favoured by everybody; at such times, her eyes swimming in tears, she would turn to Ramier and say: "Oh! my master! I owe all this to you!"

During three years that Niva had been a member of Choron's school, no one had heard her, with the exception of Ramier's pupils. One day Choron said to Ramier: "When are you going to exhibit your young prodigy?"—This malicious question proved that Choron had allowed himself to be prejudiced against Niva, by the wounded dignity of her companions, who were evidently jealous of the particular care and attention which Ramier bestowed upon her. A day was at last fixed upon for Niva to sing. These débuts had always taken place in one of the largest halls, under the direction of Choron. Each professor marched at the head of his class before the chief of the establishment, who approved or blamed as the case might be. It was not Choron, however, whom the pupils feared, but the criticisms of their comrades. A single smile or murmur would make them tremble and fill them with confusion. It was on a Saturday, in the year 1829, that Niva was to make her first *début* before all the pupils of Choron's school. There were even some strangers present, who, knowing the romantic history of the young *virtuose*, had expressed a desire to hear her. The curiosity was great and general. Every one was impatient to know the result of three years of study; each one had come there with sentiments more or less favourable to the young *débutante*.

At last, all was ready, and Niva, conducted by her professor, advanced to the front of the platform. She trembled, and her breast heaved with anxiety. Ramier seated himself at the piano, his heart full of agitation. He made a short prelude and whispered to Niva, "Courage!" Niva then commenced to sing that beautiful air of Nicolini:

—Or che son vicino a te,
Stanca sou di palpitar,
which Madame Pasta rendered in such a magnificent style. When Niva arrived at this passage so touching:

Tanto amore e tanta fe
a perfect thunder of applause drowned her voice, Choron jumped on the platform, crying like a child, and throwing himself on Niva's neck, covered her with kisses, unable to speak a single word. The pupils all arose spontaneously; Ramier, leaning his head upon the piano, tried to master his emotion; at sight of him, Niva tore herself from Choron's embrace, and rushed towards her benefactor. *Bravo, bravo!* resounded on all sides. This was indeed a beautiful scene, the happiest of Ramier's existence!

Some time before the occurrence of the scene just described, Choron had enriched Ramier's class with a new pupil. It was a young man, with a very agreeable physiognomy; his name was Rifaït. The very first time he saw and heard Niva, he was filled

with admiration of her. He lost no occasion for complimenting her in one way or another. It was not long before Ramier became acquainted with this little romance, and it was a source of great pain to him. He tried every means in his power to prevent this attachment; but, as is nearly always the case, the remedy only increased the evil.

One Sunday, in the month of May, 1830, Ramier and Niva were invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, who had taken a great interest in the destiny of the young *virtuose*. Niva excused herself under the pretext of indisposition; Ramier, however, went alone; but anxious for the health of his pupil, he excused himself immediately after the dinner, and as soon as he was out of the house, walked rapidly in the direction of the Rue Babylone, where Niva lived. As it was beautiful weather, he went by the way of the Boulevard des Invalides; it was about eight o'clock in the evening. Having in his hand an enormous bouquet for Niva, his heart was in one o' those happy trances so rare in life, when he suddenly perceived two persons who passed by his side. His eyes grew dim; he trembled in every limb; he tried to walk on, but in vain; he was obliged to lean against a tree for support; he had recognised Niva leaning on the arm of Rifauf! Amazed and grieved, a burning perspiration covered his countenance; his agony was too intense to allow of a free passage for tears. After the lapse of several moments, Ramier, arming himself with his utmost courage, continued his way, without opening his mouth, leaving Niva in profound consternation. For him all was finished; he never spoke of it again to his pupil, never reproached her in the least, but continued his care of her as if nothing had happened to alter the sentiments he had felt towards her. A few months afterwards, the revolution of July put an end to the establishment of Choron; fifteen days after that event, Ramier quitted Paris.

He had inhabited six months the town of —, when one day a young singer arrived, of whom the greatest praises were spoken. She gave a concert. On the evening appointed, the large hall of the principal hotel was literally crowded. Ramier was one of the first persons there, and had stationed himself *vis-à-vis* to the piano. The concert was opened by an overture performed by amateurs of the town, immediately after which the *prima donna* made her appearance. The programme announced an air, by Niccolini. The young singer approached to the front of the platform in a confident manner, and without appearing in the least abashed at sight of the numerous audience, commenced with great sweetness the beautiful adagio,

"Or che son vicino a te —"

then suddenly paused. Her voice trembled, she grew pale; she tried to proceed, but it was impossible; her eyes filled with tears. Seeing her about to faint, Ramier rushed to her aid, made her sit down, took the music from her hands, and sang in her stead,

"Or che son vicino a te,
Stanca son di palpitar,"

with an accent and expression which completely astonished and filled with admiration the whole assembly. The concert was interrupted, and could not proceed. Niva, for it was she, had recognised Ramier, who, after having sung the air we have just quoted, left the hall, and quitted the town the next day.

Ten years after the scene we have just described a new opera was given at the "Académie Royale de Musique," which attracted all Paris. A singer, a great favourite of the public, obtained great success in it. In the fourth act, at one of the most dramatic scenes in the opera, sighs were heard proceeding from an obscure corner of the house; it was Ramier, who wept burning tears at recognizing Niva, under the garb of the fashionable *prima donna*, who calls herself, at the present day, ROSINA STOLTZ.

Miscellaneous.

Mlle. VALENTIN, the talented pianist from Hamburg, and a favourite pupil of both Jacques Schmitt and Taubert, (of Berlin), has arrived in London.

THE NEW ORGAN by EAGLES, at the Church of St. Matthias, Bethnal-green, was opened on Sunday last by Mr. Haskins, upon which occasion three sermons were preached and the services intoned as in our cathedrals. The expence of the organ was defrayed by the Vicar, the Rev. Allen Edwards.

SALE OF THE BURNS' MSS.—The very interesting series of letters which Burns addressed to the late George Thomson, was sold on Wednesday the 17th instant, by Mr. Nisbet, at the close of the sale of the library of the late Mr. C. B. Tait. The volume was put up at 200 guineas, and, after a keen competition, was knocked down for 260 guineas. The purchaser is an English nobleman, whose name has not yet transpired; but we rejoice to learn that there is every probability that the volume will remain in Scotland. A set of the Bannatyne Club Books, sold on the same day, was bought for the Earl of Northesk, at the price of £141 15s. —*Scotsman*.

BATH.—THE PUMP ROOM.—Mr. Salmon's excellent band has mustered again at this place of fashionable resort, and has reached the second of a series of twenty concerts, to take place, as last year, on Saturdays. Visitors from the country, with whom the Saturday is the usual trysting day, will be glad to learn that the old place of rendezvous, and the old attraction of "The Pump Room Music," are still available. The selections, both in the vocal and instrumental departments, have the guarantee afforded by the experience of last year; and we sincerely trust that the attempt thus continued to render popular the best music of the best masters, by interpretation of the best executants the locality can supply, will be rendered successful by the liberality of the musical public. On Saturday last, the programme embraced some of the classicalities of Beethoven and Rossini, agreeably diversified with selections from the repertoires of dance music, forming a *melange* admirably suited to the combination of lounge and promenade which is the characteristic of our Pump Room. Of the execution of the various pieces we can speak in high terms of praise. The orchestra is composed of musicians, each one competent to the execution of a solo in the hearing of connoisseurs, on the instrument he professes, and the individual excellence, under the directing hand of the leader, is a fair criterion of the combined effort. On the present occasion, Mr. W. Salmon made a very creditable display as a soloist, in the execution of one of Patti's elaborate fantasias for the violoncello; and Mr. Williams received the welcome due to an established favourite when the polished tones of his cornet—a piston rang out an obligato to a new polka, "The Gazelle."

MUSIC AND MENTAL EXERTION.—Alfieri often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after,"—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had often music played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue, or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to a pitch preparatory to his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergencies of the bar.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON DRAMATIC NOTICES.—The Haymarket, Olympic, &c., Albert Smith's Ascension to Mont Blanc, Miss Dolby's Soiree, are necessarily postponed until next week.

COLENS.—It is too late to renew the controversy; added to which, our readers have had a surfeit of it.

C. D. W.—Correspondent should apply to Jullien and Co., Regent-street. All the instruments are approved by Koenig.

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